

HiJack Drabble: Human

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Summary: Hiccup was feeling completely and utterly alone.

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Requested by the lovely snow-runt on tumblr!

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><p>Hiccup supposed everyone had those moments. Those moments where one's emotions were too intense to keep from bubbling over. Those moments where they could feel a black hole opening within them and swallowing their hearts. Yes, he supposed everyone had those moments, but he was still ashamed to have one come over him.</p>

Since he was very small, he'd been taught that on Berk, weakness would get you nowhere. He'd been taught to never allow his emotions to show. And if they did, to escape as soon as possible. None shall see the unmanly disgrace that was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III.

So he sat, numb and alone with his legs to his chest, face buried in his knees, tears streaming down his face. He yearned to cry out, to scream as loud as he could so that he may release the tension building up in his bones. But then, of course, he would be blubbering like a baby, and who would tolerate that?

Maybe it would hurt less if he could talk to someone. If someone believed him, or even listened to him. Maybe it would hurt less if someone stopped writing him off without listening to what he had to say. But he couldn't do that, of course - Berkians weren't the best listeners, nor overly understanding and warmhearted - and he couldn't think of one person around who could even remotely be able to relate to the situation. So he stayed crumpled on his bed, and hoped to Thor no one could hear him as he sobbed.

Someone did hear him, though. The soft tap of bare feet on his

windowpane alerted him to that fact. Hiccup looked up, his eyes sensitive to the pale light seeping into his room, his eyes stinging with tears.

"You know," came Jack's voice softly; "Your eyes turn into a whole different color when you cry."

Hiccup sniffled, straightening his back and brushing his sleeve across his face hastily. "I'm not crying," he justified; "I've just got, umâ€|dirt. No, eyelash. In my eye."

"You don't have to lie to me." Jack said softly, materializing and sitting on the edge of the window, his feet swinging inside. His expression was pained. "Tell me," He said, rising and walking slowly over to Hiccup; "What's eating you?"

"Jack, really," Hiccup argued, sniffling again and avoiding Jack's arm as it began to wrap around his shoulders; "I'm perfectly fine."

"You obviously aren't."

"Just, leave me alone, Jack." Said Hiccup sharply, turning away from him.

Jack slumped his shoulders, moving around the edge of the bed and sitting before Hiccup once more. He placed his hand lightly on Hiccup's own. "You don't have to hide from me. Hiccup, I want to help you."

"Why would you want to help me?" Hiccup asked through his tears; "I'm justâ€|weak. Crying like this, what am I, a toddler?" He seemed to be talking more to himself than to Jack.

Upon hearing this, Jack raised his hand and placed it softly beneath Hiccup's freckled chin, so that he may look into his tear filled eyes.

"No," Jack breathed; "Human."

Under different circumstances, Hiccup would have found those words comforting. But now, now the words made Hiccup's lungs cave in.

"That's just it," Hiccup choked; "I'm human. You'reâ€|not."

"Why does that matter?" Jack's voice sounded, almost, hurt.

"You really don't get it, do you?" Hiccup could feel emotion welling up inside him like a balloon; "One day I'm going to die, Jack! One day I'm going to die, and you're not! One day I'm going to leave you! Do you know how much that hurts me, Jack? Do you know how much the thought of leaving you alone kills me? But I can't say a word of it, Jack. Never. Because nobody would believe me! Nobody would care! I'm weak! And I can't even talk to you, because I know it hurts you, too!"

And with the conclusion of his speech, Hiccup finally allowed himself to wail. His shoulders shook with the force of it, tears spilling like waterfalls from his eyes. He held his crumpled face in his

hands, rocking slightly back and forth.

Jack did not say a word. Hiccup was right, after all. What was there to say? So, instead, he leaned forward, wrapping his arms around Hiccup's waist. Jack lifted him slightly and brought him toward his own body, holding him in an embrace and allowing Hiccup to straddle his lap. Hiccup buried his face in Jack's neck, breathing heavily, clutching onto his shoulders as if Jack were about to disappear.

"I'm right here, Hiccup," Jack whispered softly in his ear; "I'm right here. And I love you. I really do."

Hiccup sniffled, bringing his face from Jack's neck. "But when I get olderâ€" "

But he was cut off by Jack's lips against his own. Soft, light, gentle. It was an act of comfort, not lust, or desire. It was a gesture of love.

Jack separated himself, leaning his forehead against Hiccup's. "I know what's going to happen when you get older, Hiccup. Believe me, I know. But right now, right here, I love you. And I always will."

Hiccup looked at Jack, tears in his eyes. But these were a different kind of tears.

"I love you more."

End
file.